JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND.

& FRENCHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE ENG-LISH PEOPLE.

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A very amusing book has just been published here by M. Calmann-Levy. Internal evidences show it to have been written by a French teacher in some English high school or college. The author takes a pseudonym which only a pative of France or Belgium would assume. "Max O'Rell" ought to be a cousin-german to "Flor O'Squarr," or to "Lord One." The subjects which he treats are "John Bull et Son lie; Mœurs Anglasses Contemporaines." Although he signs himself in the preface "a friend and an admirer," and really shows a friendly spirit, there are many things his book which would make the English very irate if they were a thin-skinned people. In studying "John Bull and his Island," "Max O'Rell" has the impressionable eye of a stranger, to whom England and the English are new. The retina of an utter foreigner is affected in the same manner as that of a child. Objects are pictured on it with a strong distinctness, which sometimes imparts to them a grotesque air. Prominent traits take an overold relief. Everything, as the Italians would say, becomes caricata. Black is very black, and white is

Perhaps it is for this cause that "Max O'Rell' adopts the opinion of Taine on, the want of juste milicu in England and the English. He can find no Purgatory. There is on one side Heaven, the abode of either very good and great-souled, or very rich people; and on the other the Bottomless Pit, into which the victous and the poor giu-drinker are continually rolling. "Max O'Rell" is too fresh to the country to observe those cool and mellow tints which were so visible to Goldsmith, Miss Mitford and Miss Austen. He is not exactly a humorist, but he is very droll. His book reads funnier in French than it could possibly do in an English translation.
"JOHN BULL" AS A LAND-GRABBER.

England strikes most Frenchmen who visit it as "John Bullish." In this instance "John Bull" is accepted as the incarnation of middleclass intellect, activity, temperament, and taxpaying capacity. He is "un gros proprietaire" (the word "landlord" will not render this French expression), with muscular arms, long, broad, flat and solid feet, and an iron jaw which closes well on everything it holds. His estate, which he is always enlarging, is composed of the British Isles, to which he gives the name of the United Kingdom to make folks imagine that Ireland likes him; of the Channel Islands; of the fortress of Gibraltar, which allows him to pass at ease through the narrowest straits in the world; and of the Isles of Malta and Cyprus, which do as vanguards in the Mediterranean. When he gets his and on Constantinople, which his fingers itch to clutch, he will not seek to acquire anything more in Europe. In Egypt, he is more at home than ever, and he can now walk about there with his hands thrust into his breeches-pockets. He took good care not to dig the Spez Canal; but now that is made, he casts a greedy glance at it. Beyond the Red Sea, he can regard with satisfaction the most splendid part of his estate, the Indian Peninsulaempire of 240,000,000 souls, governed by Princes decked out in gold and jewels, who black his beets for him, In West Africa John has Sierra Leone, Gambia, the Gold Coast, Lagos, the and St. Helena, which turned into a jail for the most potent conqueror of modern times. In South Africa he has the Cape, Natal and Zululand, and he "prothe Transvaal. Beyond East Africa he holds the Mauritius. His American property embraces Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, Jamaica Trinidad, Honduras, English Guiana and the Falkland Islands. The whole Pacific as good as belongs to him. New-Zealand is twice the size of England, and Australia alone is nearly as big as Europe.

John, we are told, has become the owner of all this with a relatively small loss of blood. He holds it with a little army made up of the seum of society, and just now there is not any part of his estate that seems to be in danger. But what does it profit to a man if he gains the whole world and loses his soul? The Scriptures ask this question and so does John. He therefore takes care to stand well in the Kingdom of Heaven, which in his mind is just as much a British possession as India or Australia. France fights for glory, Germany to exist, and Russia to draw attention from internal disorder. But John Bull is reasonable and moral. He fights to promote commerce, peace and order on the face of the globe. If he conquers peoples, it is to teach them how to make money and read the Bible-in short to make hereafter. "They give their territories; he sends them shirtings and Bibles. Exchange is no robbery."

Max O'Reil" indulges in a skit about Zululand and the righteous indignation which the Isanaula affair caused in London. But when this feeling evaporated, he owns that good sense came out, and that no more talk was heard about reprisals. England at bottom is generous, and readily pardons those she conquers. She is also practical, and when she annexes a colony sets about organizing it. This is done by granting free institutions and facilities for self-government. Thousands of English pour in. The colony has its . Parliament, and its Ambassador, who takes the name of a general agent. If John depended upon bayonets, all his colonial empire would soon crumble down like a card house. possessions are not military establishments in which the art of war is practised, but outlying commercial emporiums belonging to the firm of "J. Bull & Company."

It it were not for the strawberries that grow at Christmas in the Antipodes, a traveller in Australia

would think himself in London. FRENCH BOURGEOIS INDOLENCE.

The physical activity of John Bull's sons and daughters never fails to strike the Parisian who goes to see the English in their island. A French bourgeois likes to saunter through life when he has no work to do. His favorite sport is rod-fishing in a big river or a pond. A quiet stroll in the Cnamps Elysees, the Tuileries gardens, or along the Boulevards. is enough for him. In the country he potters about in a small garden which he cultivates with success, puts bags of oiled paper on his ripening bunches of grapes, or on his roses, in wet weather, breakfasts and dines, if there is sunshine, in a little arbor, and walks about the village under the shade of a big cotton parasol. If there is a range of hills at a few

miles' distance it never occurs to him to explore it. Such an associative feat as the formation of a juvenile cricket club would be inconceivable to a French youth of the bourgeois class. Were a French mother to see her boy engaged in a cricket field she would get into a state of high fever; and if he got slightly hurt she would be prodigal of endearments, lamentations, medicaments and orders never to go in the way of such a danger again. When a French officer is garrisoned in a new locality he finds out the best cafe, ascertains whether there is a theatre and if there are attached to it some agreeable actresses, makes a few acquaintances at whose be dines occasionally, plays cards or loto, or the piano if his tastes are musical, and leads an easy, philandering life outside of regimental duties. He has to his military capacity more walking and riding to get through than he likes. All he knows of the district in which he is quartered is learned when the soldiers are taken out for marching excise. If he comulted his tastes, his walks would be limited to from his place of abode to the table d'nôte where he lunches and dines; to the café here he reads the papers and takes "nips" of liqueurs and absinthe ; and then home. His walks are strolls up and down the High Street, or along . There is no flirtation to enliven ce. In provincial towns young ladies are soked up, young matrons are scrutinized by their ore, and it is very rare for a stranger to be ois family. At Sedan thirteen years ago there are many generals and field officers who had been nartered there at war ous times, but not one exps MacMahon who knew the country about. He ne not a strategist, but he might, if he had not see wounded, have utilized his topographical newledge by sheltering troops and getting some

of them away through wooded sinussities from the range of Prussian artiflery.

Formerly the sons of well-to-do Frenchmen were

range of Prussian artillery.

Formerly the sons of well-to-do Frenchmen were reared in a hardy way. Lamartine was brought up until he was in his teem just as if he had been a peasant's son. What renders the bourgeous class physically indolent is the system of education in the lycenm or boarding-school. Boys who are reared in those barracks called high schools have no more exercise than if they were in prison. Their Thursday onting is a regimental march, with an usher benind them. Unfortunately for them, their Sunday promenade is en famille. Father, mother and sisters go to promenade together. The children walk before the parents to be well in sight. They must not everheat themselves; they must not walk too fast for their seniors not easily to keep up with tham; they must not by romping grate on the nerves of other promenaders; they are made to feel every moment that they are the objects of uneasy tenderness, and for every reproach they are within the course of the walk they are given twice as many kisses and loving exhortations when the time comes for them to go back to their scholastic prison. I have often thought that no other middle-chas European boy could bear this educational regimen without being interly stultified. An English lad if shojected for six days every week to jail, dry thiss books, inaction, and to "molly-coddleism" on Sundays, would not be of much service when he grew up in helping John Bull to extend his property.

ENGLISH VIGOR AND INDEPENDENCE.

ENGLISH VIGOR AND INDEPENDENCE. The author of "John Bull and His Isle" does full justice to the manliness of the British youth, and he sees a good side in the tomboyism of misses in teens and the independent habits of young ladies of good family. In many respects he thinks the English lady superior to the French :

the English lady superior to the French:

She is more natural and rarely trombled with vapors and nervous headache. The miss is less make than the demois lie; but she is less staphaly ignorant. She goes out if she wants to do so, unaccompanied by mamma or the maid; shakes hands cordially, looks the person to whom she talks fairly in the face, is free as air to promenade, go to the theatre or make excursions with her brothers and their chums. The English girl keeps the social ball rolling, and is the life of parties and pionics. Married, she does not boast of leading her husband by the nose. She does not cajole him, it is true, but neither does she cajole anyone else. If she does not give sunshine and girce to the husband's life, he is to blame. He would think it beneath his dignity to be gallant to his wife. She would therefore lose her time in filtring with him, and perhaps she would draw him into acts of rudeness.

After describing the processional walk on Sun-

After describing the processional walk on Sundays of French bourgeois girls and their mothers, M. O'Reil" becomes enthusiastic about " la jeune

"M. O'Reil" becomes enthusiastic about "la jeune fille Anglaise;"

Just look at her, with her hair simply twisted up at the back of the neck, with a straw hat werth 5t centimes on her head, a cotion dress on her back, and strong easy boots, with low heels! Look how she statis off, raquette in hand, with a lot of girls and young fellows of her own age as simply dressed as she is, to walk in the fields or play at lawn tennis! No mamma is at her heels. On her return she is not asnamed to devour her dinner. Health is preferable to adected grace. The English miss in her teems is not complimented if she is told that she picks her food like a bird. I like to see with what an appetite ste cats a branch of raw celery devoid of all dressing except salt and cheese. She travels alone. I know a young girl of fifteen who has come to a London school by herself from the North of England. If she were French she would not dare cross the street without an escort to buy herself a pair of gloves. I remember once being with two English ladies sitting on a bench in the Champs Elysée. They were at one side of me. On the other there were a demoscile with her nother and father, and beyond them a stranger. He rose and went away. The young girl said: "Mamma, will you allow me to go and sit next papa?" This baby was at least eighteen. The English ladies still laugh at her. In England the drift of education is to streag hen self-reliance. Mothers and governesses do not pry into their daughfers' and pupils' letters. The journal and the novel are for both young and old. SHADOWS OF ENGLISH LIFE.

Naturally the bright sides of English tife have their shadows, some of which are horrible and repugnant, and others droll. The liberty of the young lady has for its drawback the prudent reserve of the young gentleman. The want of dots leads to over-long engagements, which may eventnally lead up to actions for breaches of promise :

John Bull is not wanting in a sense of tua, and John Bull is not wanting in a sense of 100, and he enjoys immensely hearing a fair pursuer tell on oath to the jury how many kisses she has received. Sometimes a maiden of forty, all agitated and for-lorn, comes to she a fickle lover who deserted her for a fresh voung face. Once in a while the pur-sued Lothario, who has been condemned to pay heavy damages, marries the plaintiff to recoup his

On the seamy side of English civilization, th author places the working-class woman:

How painfully she differs from the lady, the tradeswoman or the French ourviere or passaume! These two last are the lite and fortune of their country. Their snowy caps and good, homely faces, which express kindiness, hard work and motherwil, are the admiration of foreigners. The country wench in France, who goes to service, has at least plenty of good underclotaing in her box. In England the dollymop wants to be as fine as the lady. She has flounces on her skirt and feathers on her but. the dollymop wants to be as fine as the lady. She has flounces on her skirt and feathers on her hat, but hardly any underclothing. Englishwomen of this class are not in haste to get married in the church. The altar of nature suffices. The Covent Garden flower-seller has no analogy to the bon-Garden flower-seller has no analogy to the bonquelieres of Dumas Père, to whom the vert galant
King did not disdain to blow kisses. She smells of
gin, has a cracket voice, is slattern, filthe, ragged
and down at the beels. In swearing she would beat
a Norman carter. When a customer buys a rise,
he throws a penny from a distance into her basket.
Close quariers with an English flower-woman
are not desirable. I remember having seen the
Princess Metternich shake hands on the Longchamps race-course with Isabelle, of whom the
London bonquetieres have nothing but the color
of their body linen. That, you may be sure, is
content Isabelle.

"Max O'Rell" finds that in English retail business, sin lieth between buying and selling. He notices that English bourgeois mothers give their daughters who are about to set up as householders scales to weigh the provisions which the tradesmen send in. In France such a gift was never heard of. Provincial traders appear to the author superior to their London brethren, whether in business relations or 14 private life. He has only met in the provinces "agreeable, honest, shrewd and well ed-ucated men in trade." It seems to him that the temptation to be dishonest is only to be resisted by men of great character and conscience in England. Poverty is held there to be a vice. An unsuccessful man is counted either an idler or a fool, "He man is counted either an idler or a fool. "He wond have got on but for some fault of his own," is the general verdict. The nobleman and the rich man are the two great English idols. Nothing succeeds like success. "La vertu sans argent est un meuble inutile." Nobody finds fault with a man who has procured wealth by iniquitous means. He gets credit for having every great and good quality, becomes a patron of art, a governor of public schools, a member of Parliament, or even a lord. As much as was in Pope's time, is in Victoria's reign, "a man of wealth dubbed a man of worth."

ENTERPRISE AND EDUCATION. However, the cult of the golden calf stimulates enterprise and activity. Nobody likes to vegetate, or to fold his arms, because his father left him money and a position. A young Englishman either goes to the dogs at once, if left a few thousand pounds, or emigrates and invests his money in an Australian sheep run or a Caradian farm. The young Frenchman combines the interest of a small capital with the salary of a small place, and the dowry of his wife, and hopes that luck and legacies will increase his store. But if he gets on he is not so insufferably vulgar as the English upstart, who has neither respect nor admiration for talent or education. He is satisfied to rattle his guineas in his pockets, and has no smattering of Greek and Latin and no taste for reciting poetry. His whole pride is in having got on from nothing to wealth. Max O'Reli" gives as an instance a Lord Mayor of Lendon, of whom he and about a hundred journalists, literary men and professors were one day the guests. At dessert his lordship conversed on education. "I tell you what," he said, "I am a great admirer of school instruction; but I'm not sure that it is worth much. Indeed, I fancy that it does as much barm as good. My opinion is that every boy should leave school at the age of twelve and begin to work for bread and cheese. He ought to know how to read, write, cast up accounts, and a little history and geography. Anything more is mischievous, and diverts energy from the great object of life, which should be success in business. Look at me. I left my father's house at eleven to work in a

me. I left my father's house at eleven to work in a cord and twine factory. I ne er received any but the most rudimentary instruction; and now, here I am. Lord Mayor of London."

Rapid excursions are made into art regions. England is behind no other nation, past or present, in literature. For three hundred years she has been producing literary monuments which ancient Greece and modern France alone need not envy. There is a strenger intellectual life in the upper working class of Great Britain than on the south side or the Channel. Every small village mechanic can read and reads. He has books on his parlor table and in the cupboard. The artisan's wife in

France has her old mass book. But it's in Latin, and what can she make of it? An English woman of her class has the Bible, which has the merit of being rendered in strong, simple and elevated language. Every English family at all well off has guage. Every English family at all well off has its library and subscribes to a circulating one for the small sum of a guinea a year. The penny paper is for all classes and vastly superior to the Pelii Journal, which suffices for the wants of the small burgesis. John Bull is fond of pictures, and a good judge of them. He has reason to be proud of the essentially English Hogarth. Reynolds, Turner, Landseer, Leighton, Milhais and a legion of other artists. The picture galleries are delightful places in which to spend an idle hour, and they are numerous.

Every household setting up to be at all respectable has a piano. If Loudoners dwelt in flats, Colney-Hatch and Bedlam would not suffice to hold all those whom the sound of prapo-strumming would drive crazy. It is rare indeed to find any lady or young girl who can play well enough to give pleasure to a serious amateur. The style is expressionless. Singing is no better. One sometimes hears a sweet voice, but it conveys no feeling. It only makes tuneful noise. Chamber music is so appreciated that in a drawing-room when any one sits down to the piano every one else begins to talk. At a concert, silence is kept:

begins to talk. At a concert, silence is kept:

John Bull pays his guinea to hear the great foreign musicians and vocalists, and wanting to have his money's worth, hids his tongue. What he delights in is the Bible set to music at the oratorio. One would think to see him there that he was at church and having a foretaste of another an a better world. A Biblical performance of this sort with a chorus of 500 volces is just what suits him. Italians are no good as enoristers. English alone will do. The oratorios have grando is e passages. The greater part of them were written in England by Grunaus, who were probably rendered splenetic by the climate. An oratorio is Thumes fog set to music.

Concerning the British theatre "Max O'Rell" pronounces it to be fallen so low that it wan get no worse. Its decay is partly due to the col i, staring look of the audience, who think it bad form to express pleasure or displeasure. The spirits of actors are not raised by applause. John Bull in his heart of hearts despises any one who seeks to amuse him. He does not enter into the spirit of the action, because he knows that overything on the stage is false. The actor who appears to feel his part strikes him as absurd and contemptible. The lower orders do not go to the theatre. You never hear an Enlish workman whistle an operatio tune and talk of his favorite players. He works hard, spends his money on gin and beer, and dies in the hospital or work house without ever having enjoyed the slightest glimpse of a fine art. The middle classes have, according to "Max O'ffell," no taste for the drama, and the aristocracy go to the play to kill time and yawn. In some of the best theatres one or two parts are well played. The rest is unendurable, Irving has talent, and studies carefully. A reason why the stage is so low is that the play wrights of the seventeenth century were so dissolute. They turned all the good people against the stage and literary talent flowed into other channels. Between Shakespeare and Speridan very few well written dramas came out that can be played before decent men and women. "M. O'ftell" doubts whether the French representations at the Gaieté are understood. Society has agreed to patroutze them and that is evough. Polka and quadrille playing between the acts is beautifully English. But these intervals are short and the play is generally over at 11 o'clock. For this small mercy a Frenchman used to the late hours of the Paris theatres, which are caused by the long entr'acts, should feel thankful.

a Frenchmen used to the late hours of the Faris theatres, which are caused by the long entracts should feel thankful.

For my part. I have heard breader and heartler faughter in English than in French theatres. "M. Max O'Rell" appears to ignore the top gallery, in which there is a good sprinkling of mechanics. It is true, however, that the Farisian blouse delights in the play and enjoys immensely a melodrama in which Nemesis overtakes the evidoers. He prefers a theatrical performance of this kind to the indecent connealities of the Palais Royal, or to the plays in which the actresses' toilettes are made a great feature. The foreigners who best observe England are lapart from Americans I talian artists. Nittis's insight is astonding. He sees well every surface and understands what is beneath it. Frenchmen have too many obstante preferences and prejudices, and are too much crystalized in small habits to be good observers when they, travel. Anything reminiting them that they are in a strange land makes them unconfortable. They have not the calm receptivity which enables the English mind to store up clear impressions. A mirror should be smooth. The intellectual mirror of a French tourist is like a pond exposed to cross currents of air, which in creating chopping wavelets distort all the objects reflected in the water.

FIFAS REHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

There was a fair going on outside the gates of this most picture-que old city. Wandering among the booths, our curiedly was excited by one which bort the following inscription: "Parser Floit-Treater." Tempted by a man who tell in the performance was "just about to begin," we accepted the tackets he almost thrust into our hands, and crossed the threshold of the tent. There was certainly no reason for delay, as we found, somewhat to our emburrassment, that we constituted the to begin," we accepted the thresheld of the tent. I here our hands, and crossed the thresheld of the tent. I here was certainly so reason for delay, as we found, somewhat to our embarrassment, that we constituted the whole of the annence. But, as the 'amous five theat was about the size of an ordinary tambourine (which insurance) it streats resemble), we should scarcely have had as good a view of the performance if the specialors had been more universals. Taking our sents as directed about a small round table, we looked with interest at certain caraboard boxes which stood beside the theatre. One of these was open, and showed a number of they edition, as minute as possible. The other boxes, with ids, contained the accors incanscives. The enterprising manageries, a stout hady in a catton dressing-gown, placed herself of poste as the table, and prefaced the entercamment win a short but interesting address. "The ordinary domestic fice," she began, "is a creature of considerable intelligence, and cannie of a high degree of intelectinal entitivation. We have no less than 300 in this establishment. They are not bingry," she added hastly, in answer to some sigot expression of anxiety that doubleless portraired itself on our countenances. "I lengare a man to come every day and feed them. He barres his arm, the 300 are placed thereon, and they suck until they are saushed." Our immediate apprehensions thus alinged, the lady proceeded to explain that the first process in the great work of taming and educating a fica was to fasten an invisible gold thread around its seek, by means of which it could be hired at pleasure or harmessed to any of the vehicles displayed in the box before us. A well-intrured specimen will often live to the age of eight years; and with evident price she remarked, "We have several among our tronge who are aiready six years old," and so saying, she handed us a powerful microscope, and gratured us by the saght of one of these venerable fleas (asarmified to be size of a wasp), kicking and plunging viol

trot, without waiting for anybo iy clae. The German lay down to have a nap by the way, and most of the others boiled off the course. This ocing over, the lady resumed her betture.

"It is not every flea," we were informed, "that is gifted with the power of saltation. So far we had seen only, as it were, the beasts of burden—doctic insects, indeed, but with no other special accomplishment. Now we were to be treated to a ballet, as danced by some really superior artistes." so saying she opened one of the carcoboard ookes, and extracted thene with a delicate pair of pincer a dozen of dancing fleas; each clegantly attired in—or rather, I should perhaps say, covered by—a petiteoat of tissue paper, red, buce, green, yellow—all the colors of the rainbow. Each dancer was announced by rame as she entered upon the seene: Meess Eizabet, Frankein Anna, Mannzelle Barbe, etc.; and each and all, encouraged by the voice of their directress, performed the most astonishing evolutions, whirling and hopping, skipping, leaping wildly into the air in a way that was comical to benoid. It was as if the minutest of ballet-girls and been cut in two at the waist, too lower naif performing minus the head and shoulders, or like-a Sabbasical dance of fairy lampshades bew tened. Now and again, after some unusually prodigious leap, an arcist would be upset. Then, beneath the gay voluminous skirt, the struggling insect was for a moment visible; quickly replaced on its legs, however, by the waterful ears of its mistress. Now came not be third, when the interest was supposed to culminate; and with much verbal flourish of trumpets, a femule rope-dancer was produced, second only in renown to the famous Blondin himself. This young lady's name was Eliza. She lived in a nest of cutton wool, with one other companion, who was probably in delicate realth, as she was not called upon to perform. Eliza not only danced on a rope, but twee traversed as imaginary unfathomable abyss on a nearly myisible wire antagenary unfathomable abyss on a nearly myisible w

"You want something to eat, do you?" inquired a man of a lame transp at the back door of his residence. "Ave you plase, sor." "What made you lame?" "It was the earthquake, sor." "An earthquake!" "Yis, sor. Ye see, I'm an Italian from the island of Iseana, an' whin the earthquake shuk up the surface av the planet it spruneme knee, an' I'm anable to wurk, which the same I'd be plased to do if I was able." When the buildog made a rapid exit through the gate, he was preceded by the Italian earthquake sufferer.—[Texas Sittings.

STORIES OF NEW-YORKERS.

BURIED AT THE FOOT OF A PEAR TREE COINS OF 1786 BROUGHT TO LIGHT WHEN THE TREE WAS UPROOTED IN A STORM.

"Where did you get those fancy sleevebuttons!" asked a Tribune reporter of a gentleman in Delmonico's café who was showing a pair made out

are double louis d'ers of Louis XVL, who was guillotined in the French Revolution. They bear the date 1786, and when I got them they were absolutely uncirculated. I suppose numismat-ists would consider them a great prize. I was in Bordeanx in 1878 on some business connected with the claret of the Napa Valley in California. I had been asked some bottles to the French experts wine business and have their the from the Zinfandel and Malvasia grapes. There came a stormy day, and plenty of old trees were blown dawn When I was taking my coffee after breakfast in a coff near the Opera House I-heard some officers talking of a strange discovery of an iron box filled with gold pieces. I excused myself for mingling in their conver-sation and asked for particulars, and was told that in a garden of a house on the principal quay an old pear tree had been blown down during the storm. The lady to whom the property belonged sent for two laborers to dig out the root, intending to use it for fire wood and to replace it by a young tree. The men after digging for a time struck their spades upon something hard, which proved to be an iron box. The lady was sent for, and the box. frightfully rusted, was opened with great difficulty. It was filled with double louis d'ors to the value of 300,000 francs—\$60,000. The officers gave me the address of the lady and I called upon her, and asked pernission to purchase two of the pieces as a souvenir of my visit to Bordeaux. She was extremely gracious and picked out for me two absolutely periect. All of them were new, but many had stuck together in cakes of ten and twelve pieces, so that they were slightly rubbed in

and twelve pieces, so that they were shauly.

There was no question of the ownership of the pieces. Her grandlather had been a merchant of extensive dealings with the West Indies, and had supplied the court purveyors with tropleal truits, conserves and liquiders. He foresaw the coming Revolutionary storm and sent his family to England, intending to join them as soon as he had made cert in arrangements. These he never perfected, for a member of the Committee of Safety called upon him in company with a movable guildrine, took him outside and had had has head in the basket before he could interchange a word with anyone or send a token to his family. When the latter returned to France they naturally sought for some traces of his property. It was proved that he had disposed of his passessions in St. Lacle and Martindage, but the Committee of Safety, and in time the family accepted the money, in despair of finding a more suitable bank of deposit, he baried his fortune at the foot of the pear tree, where it had retinance with left had on place. Of all the pear they were in had retinanced with the fall of his guardian declosed its under place. Of all the pears there were no other dates than 1755 and 1756. Some single louis dors were in his means, but the great majority of the pieces.

AN OLD SAILOR'S ACCOUNT OF HOW IT BLEW IN LATITUDE 45° NORTH, LONGITUDE 5° WEST.

He was a bronzed and weather-beaten sailor and as he talked with a Trinux: reporter he chewed to bacco, " which is a trick all seamen larn."

"speaking of storms," said he, " I have experienced few in my time, but about the toughest tim I ever went through was when I was second mate of ship Serapha from Cadiz bound for Bordeaux. We had good weather 'till we was about 300 miles from port, when we got a storm that snook us up some, I can tell you. The captain had his wife along, what made things worse, for it comes kinger hard on a woman to be cotched out in such 4 gale as we were. Blew! It biew as if 't would blow the ship out of the water, and the sea was rearin' and foam's and knockin' us about as if we was a plaything made for its 'special answement. When it came my watch that night I went on dock into the livedest, awintiest night I ever see. The ship was under double-reefed top sails and jib and a storm trysail rieged on the mizzen mast. She would rise on the top of a wave and then plunge down as if she meant to go straight to the bottom, and every now and then a great wave would rise up above us and break over the vessel with a force that sent something by the board every time. We had had St. Elmo's lights on the yards the night belore, and l knew something was coming." "Safe comes the ship to haven, through tempest and

through gale, If once the great Twin Brethren at shining on the

"That's very pretty," said the sailor, "but when you see them bales of five burning and zizzim on the ends of the yards, just you look out for a storm, that's what I That's very precty.

That's very precty.

That's very precty.

The distribution of the burning and zuzzin' on the ends of the yards, just you look out for a storm, that's what I say—twins or no twins and poetry notwithstanding. I had the helm on the night I was speakin' of, and to prevent myself goin' overboard without time to collect my dunnage I was lashed to the wiscel. All hands were on deck, and all hands were pretty tired. The cook had tried to build a fire in the galley so as to make some coff-e, but the water came swasning over the dock so it put the fire out, and by and by wave came and knocked in the side of the and by a big wave came and thought. Pretty soon another big wave came and took the ship on the quarter. It was a bouncer, that wave, and I thought Davy Jones had me sure. It knocked the starboard bulwars into kindita' wood and knocked a big hole in the cabin. The partition between the capiain's room and the main cabin was carried away, and also the partition between the main cabin and the room and the main cubin was carried away, and also the partition between the main cabin and the store-room. The first mate took the heim, and the captain and I went below. There was three teet of water in the cabin, and the captain's wile was just about deal with cold and tright. We got her of to the cabin and note the fo'essie. I had a bottle of run in my committee only bit of liquor there was on board. I got it and poured some down her throat. It nearly strangled ner to death, but it did her good, and she kinder came to. Then I clawed my way att, and got to the poop just in time to see the storm-ity-sait blown away. It went with a bang like thander, and we saw it go kitin' away to reward now a ballion gone mad and run away. We cot out a spare his we had, and rugged that up, and it did very well, considerin' in fore-to galiantmast came tumbling sown. Well, to make a long story scort, by mornin' there wa' n't much leit of the surp Serapha but her tower masts and huit. The cabin was full of water, there was fixe feet of water in the hold, and seams had opened all over mer. However, the storm had passed away, and though there was still a tremendous sea on we rigged up jury masts, stopped the leaks as best we could, and kept the pumps a goon', and in three easys we got into port, and right giad I was to see the place. Take my advice, young man, don't ever go to sea."

"Way copyon got"
"Well, you see it's my business, and it's kinder nice when it aust stormy, but we sailors have a saying, that a man who would go to sea for pleasure would go to you snow where—or pastime."

The reporter took insteave; as he departed he heard the old tar singing to humself:

The Guerriers a frigate bold, On the tambung ocean relied,

The Guerriere a frigate hold, On the tumbing ocean rolled, Commanded by boid Bacres, The grandee, on!

THE LIFE OF A POLICEMAN.

SOME OF ITS HOUGHER PHASES DESCRIBED BY MEMBER OF THE FORCE. One of the "finest in the world" in conversa-

tion with a TRIBUNE reporter told some of his experiences, which seem to prove that the life of a metropo Itan policeman is not all pleasant idleness.

"When I first got on the force," he said, "I was a young

fellow fresh from the country, and not much up to city ways, and for six months I had a lively time of it; for the gangs always try their games on new hands, and was a green one then. When I say gangs I mean in every district that's anyways rough there's a particular lot that hang together, and on the force we all speak of 'em as the lenth-ave. gang, or the Water-st. gang, or wherever such a crowd of loafers are in the habit of coming together nights."

" Are there any specially dangerous districts nowadays !"

Yes, the east and west sides from Fourteenth well un to Seventieth-st. are hard beats when you get down to-ward the river; take Tenth and Eleventh aves. on the west side and all below First-ave. on the east. You see a crowd get on a corner and some voung swell comes along who has got 'full,' and there's lots of streets where, if a man looks worth the work and risk, they'll go through him, and it he kicks much he'll get quieted in short order; and if they find he don't come to time, why it's only another 'mysterious disappearance.' No one knows the number of such cases that are never heard of, for it's only once in a while the papers get hold of a mur-der and there's a great hue and cry, while a dozen like it are only heard of at the Morgae weeks afterward. When I first went on the force, as I was saying, I was a young fellow and was put on a beat on the east side, tak-ing in the wharves and lower part of Cherry and Water ets. In those days that was a rough beat, and I would have thrown up my position a dozen times the first six months, only I thought they'd think I did it from funk. So I kept on and after a time things got better and I had less trouble. When I say trouble I mean a man gets to know how to handle himself when he gets in a tight place after he's been in the business a year or two. A then about making arrests. Why, when I first went I had an arrest nearly every night and was in hot wa all the time, but I finally made the rough cases on:

at know I wan't afraid of 'em and wouldn't have no

beat know I wan't afraid of 'ein and wouldn't have no nonvense, and things got quieter.

"The worst time an effect has is after he's broken up a crowd and stopped a fight, asy, to get his man in. You make your arrest, and then for a few minutes sometimes it's pretty lively. For in general they try to get your man away and if there's enough of 'em and they wonn business they'll do it, too, for a policeman is only a man, and if a dozen real rough customers go for him, unless he gets aid why he gets licked every time. But the only time I really feit like throrting ap my hand and trying something where there wasn't quite so much fighting in it, was about four years go down in fortieth-st. below Tenth-ave. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning and I was waiking along wishing it was 6. I was mighty tired mid feeling generally out of sorts, when I saw two men fightlur rebout two blocks away. It din't take me long to get there, and it was easy enough to stop 'em, for the big one had all he wanted and in some way managed to sigh through my fingers and was off at full gallop, leaving me along with the little fellow, who dudn't try to get away but grabbed for my club. He nearly got it, and I shave the sear on my wrist yet which the leather thong made that fastened it to my wrist, when he wrenched and twisted my club before I got him in hand. Well, I'm a big man and ho was a little one, but the next five minutes was the toughest work. I've ever had,' and if I hadn't had my club. I'd have been nowhere. I found when I got him to the station that he had on one of them heavy Scotch caps, and that accounts for the way he took my taps, for I had to hil him narder and harder, and the more I hit the more fight he showed; but finally he weakened and we were a bad looking couple when we got round to the station.

"Arresting women is the most disagreeable work we have, for sometimes they fight like wideasts and will tear your clubbes and give more real trouble than any two men. Some people think we could get slong without our lints,

and claus right and left, that's no argument again respectable, decent inan having some it cans of del when he gets into the right places all of us do who hard districts. I don't want to say anytoing about man who has just been dismissed for killing smith, will say, if he'd been sent up round Fortleth-at, sor the Tenth-ave, sang would have taken the conceit o nim in short order, or be'd got killed, that's certain.

SKETCHING WITH A HOT POKER.

A NOVELTY IN ART WORK-WHAT A WHIMSICAL BOSTON GENIUS ACCOMPLISHED.

"In 1845," said a Fifth Avenue art dealer to a Tribu E reporter, "there lived in the city of Boston a worthless vagabond named Halden, a man who had seen better days. He was an artist-had wonderful talent, and during his periodical sprees would devote himself assiduously to his peculiar work, though he was sever known to do anything while sober. A wealthy banker, who had known him in his younger years and knew of his genius, would indulge him in the prosecution of his work and sided him in many other ways. He was also acquainted with Halden's peculiarities and knew the fit of application never came over him when sober. Indeed, on several occasions he had gone so far as to treat nu to a drink in order to get him to wo k. Holden't portraits were the best specimen of his art, and they were marvels of correctness. They were generally burned on a thin board of bird's-eye maple with a red-hot poker of the ordinary shape, after which they received two coats of varnish which was put on to preserve them, and set in deep, heavy frames. He called them 'Poker Sketches,' and on the back of each was burned this inscription: 'This sketch was burned with a poker-Halden, senlogtt,'

" His likenesses were striking, and the three of them now in existence, although executed from memory, are perfect in every respect. He had seen Webster once in his life, but the portrait which he burned with his hot poker has been pronounced one of the truest likenesses ever seen of the great statesman. Webster strong features and dark complexion admirably suited the character of the work, which has a peculiar brown appearance when finished. His picture of Clay is owned by his banker friend, who also once owned the other two, but presented them to some Southern friends. One of them, Shakespeare, is in the possession of Francis Fonmine, Commissioner of Emigration of Georgia. Webste was presented to a humorous writer of the same State, and new hangs in his parior, an object of wonder and admiration to visitors.

" Poker sketches are durable and will last fo

"Poker sketches are durable and will last for centuries. In doing them it is literally a case of 'burn while the iron is hot.' One mistonich of the poker ruins the board; there is no erastine, no wiping out. A board so spotled the only remedy is to begin on another and do the whole thing over again.

"It is wonderful to see the variety of shades and colors which may be produced by this burning process. After the application of the varnish it mare resembles oil work than anything else, and the deception is so complete that a touch of the fluger is required to remove it. The indentures may be plainly felt with the hand. It may seem strange that this art has never developed, but probably there are tow people who would care to sit over a fire-pot all day and continually sancer from burned flagers for the sake of art alone. But in this age of novely and invention, the continual desire for something new, it is to be wondered at that no one has ever been able to approach Haiden in his preciliar art. A lew new. It is to be wondered at that no one has ever been able to approach Haiden in his peculiar art. A few have trued it, however, and with fair success. R. E. J. Niles, the Cinciunsti theatrical manager, has a sketch of John McCuliongia as theirle, which has been pronounced excellent by those who have seen it. It was executed by a young man and bears a late date, 1882, and Burned by a poker 'on its back.

"The poker has been used with effect in landscape sketching, and a picture of a log cabin, with surrounding roods, and a stream in the foreground, with nere and there an animal of some kind, has been exhibited. The picture compares favorably with the average crayon work, and its colors are far richer and the shading more deep and full. These is no reason why many of the army of crayon artists should not take up this poker army of crayon artists should not take up this poker.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH HASHISH.

THE TERRORS OF A NIGHT IN INDIA-STRANGE HALLUCINATIONS.

An American who lived for several years in India recently told a TRIBUNE reporter the following story of his experiences with the weil-known Eastern drug, Hashish, or Cunnable Indica. "Hashish," said the American, "Is used by the natives of India as a simulant and intoxicant, its use being confined to no specia sect or class, though the natives of high caste are [probably more addicted to this form of intoxication than the lower orders. A native friend, who was a confirmed hashish-eater, had often described the wonderful power of the drug, and had repeatedly endeavored to overcom my prejudice and persuade me to make a trial of its virtnes. In an evil hour curiosity got the better of pru dence, and I took a small peliet of the dark-green are matic paste. The moment I swallowed it I would have given a round sum to have had it safely in my hand again. However, my native friend was with me, and I resolved to make no tuss about the matter and take the chance of any specialty iii effects.
"It was after 10 at night when I took the pill, and I

remained for several hours talking with my friend, so that it was probably 1 o'clock when I returned to my quarters and fell asleep almost as soon as I blew out the candle. How long I had been asleep I could not tell, but I awoke with a start and without that gradual return to full consciousness which is characteristic of healthy sleep. I was wide-awake in an instant, every sense morbidly, acutely alive and conscious of a peculiar feeling in my hands and arms as if I were holding the wires of a battery. The room was pitch dark. I felt that I must get light at once, the inky blackness seeming to press me down and take actual shape and substance. I reached out for one of the matches, of which I always kept a supply on a table at my bedside, and an ley thrill shot supply on a sa I touched the cold, twisted bedy of a snake. I tried to withdraw my hand, but to my horror it seemed paralyzed, and slowly and painfully I drugged it from the loathsome contact. Hours seemed to pass be fore I found myself sitting up in bed and staring toward the object of my fears through the thick gloom which surrounded me.

"I tried to get out of bed to flee. I was in an agony of terror put it seemed as if weights were dragging m backward, and hours more passed before my slow dragging timbs had carried me to the mantelpiece. With ging limbs had carried me to the mantelpiece. With trembling fingers I struck a match. Slowly it flamed up and I lit one of the candles which stood on the end of the mantelpiece. The moment the light filled the room my panic vanished with the shadows, and looking toward the table I found the object of my terrors was simply the long curied stem of my hookah, which darkness and my overwrought nerves had transformed into some deadly reputle.

iong curied stem of my hookah, which darkness and my overwrought nerves had transformed into some deadly repulse.

The sensation of numbness and tingling still continued. I looked at my watch and thought it had stopped, but on closer impection I could see the lagging movements of the second-mani with a distinct and prolonged pause between each movement. This sense of time, or rather loss of the perception of time, was perhaps the most marked effect of my experiment with the drug. I took up the water jug and long before I had quenched my thirst I laid it down in dismay, for it seemed to my disordered senses as if gallons of water had poured down my throat, when in reality I had only drank a few ounces. So long as I kept my eyes open there was little real suffering except the loss of all sense of time. I looked repeatedly at my watch and could only convince myself by closely watching the second-hand it had not stopped, for the few minutes since I had lighted the candle seemed like hours, days, weeks. Sudenly I was oppressed with a feeling of loneliness, an intense desire for companionably, which became so strong that I resolved to seek my friend, whose house was within a stone's throw of my hotel. In dressing I desisted many times, convinced that I must be under some spell or in a dream, and only by repeatedly consulting my watch could I assure myself that the endless task of dressing was in reality only a matter of a few moments.

"When at last I was prepared to seek my friend, I left my room and started on, what proved a long and eventful journey. Probably the change into the night air rendered the effects of the drug more powerful, but at all events I lost consciousness of time, place, even personal identity, and in the few steps to the house of the msn I was seezing I lived a lifetime, journeyed in other lands, played prominent parts in seenes which passed through my brain with the speed of lightning only to give place

. AMATEUR ACTORS ON THE ROAD.

THEIR TRIBULATIONS IN NEW-JERSEY-"CASTA WITH TOO MUCH SLOW MUSIC. A party of youths and maidens set out fro New-York with the highest of hopes bounding in en-immature bosom about ten days ago. They were annals actors and actresses, and each one cherished visions one day being a Booth or an Anderson, a Jefferson of one day being a Booth of an Anderson, a Jeffreen or Mrs. Gilbert. They departed under the joint leadership of a lady who has gained some local fame as a professional electrionist, and a young gentleman whose chie claim to historical distinction consists in the fact the he once played with a "real" company for a week, it fact until the day for the "ghost to walk" arrived, and the "state of the "state of the "state of the "state of the state of the "state of the "state of the "state of the state the manager "skipped," leaving the company an

miles from anywhere.

The brilliant idea had been conceived in a circuit of small towns in New-Je
"Caste" and a farce being the progras
They told their friends they would be away ay but at the end of three days they once more trad Bro way. Haggard, worn and depressed they sought the tensciously silent as the proverbial oyster in regard the happenings and events of their "tour." A Turner reporter, however, met the leading male member of troupe, and from him heard the following sad recital. "Well, you see we played the first night at a little town not a hundred miles from Jersey City. We ha

not a bad bouse, and the curtain was only fifty mmus

wanted their money back, but we explained that the

late in rising. Some of the audience rose too

gentleman who was to play Sam had been detained turned crusty and wouldn't let bim off, though he pe queed a telegram saying that his grand-aunt was dying and wanted to bless him before she left barth. Web we got our prompter to read his part, and a went off first-class. You see, the prompter stage with the book, he could give us our ones oc easily. I played Hawtree, you know, but I forgot my spirit-gum and had to stick my mustache on wid some bill-sticker's paste I found in the dressing-room It smelt awful, and right in the middle of the last act the mustache dropped off. The audience laughed, but I couldn't see anything funny in it. Well, I feit quite done up, so I stopped with some of the company all next day in the town, and only went on to the next stand in time to get to the theatre and dress. There was a beast of a little circus there, and they pitcheright near the Masonic Hall where we had our show right near the Masonic Hall where we had our show. The people seemed to take to the circus, so there wasn't much of a house. I found Miss Brown' the didn't call her Brown but the reporter has a tender heart) "had engaged a local orehestra. Just before I wend on you know Haw ree and D'Alroy open the scene, Miss E. came to me and said. I think the tableau in the secondact drags a bit, so I told the leaner of the exchestra to givens a lew chords. 'How about the band-cuest' said I. 'Oh, those are right,' said sno. 'I told him to berin when Hautree takeaout also water. Well, the ordinestra struck no the overture, and it then turned out it was a brase band of about forty performers, in fact there were as many persons almost in the orchestra as there were at the audience. We get through the first act right enough. I had got some spirit-gum, but my uniform coal split up

many persons almost in the orchestra as there were in
the audience. We got through the first act right enough.
I had got some sprit-gum, but my uniform cost split up
the back as I was putting is on for the second act, and I
torgot all about the comounced chords the old hady had
spoken to me about. Everytains went on swimmingly,
Esther began her agonizing as d I hadled out my watch and
tod D'Alcoy it was time tog ago.

"As i did so a flendish din struck my ears; it was the
orchestra. They struck up 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,'
which the lender evidently thought the happess of
thoughts, for he smiled complacently as he waved had
baton wildly. I yelled to him to stop, but he
must have thought I meant go on, and the din
grew bouler and louder. It was impossible
to keep our faces straight, and I shouled to the prompter
to rang the curtain down. But he didn't. Esther was in
tears of mortification; Polly and the Marquire screamed
with langster, D'Alroys wore loudly and I sat down and
laughed till the tears came. In about five minute
Eccles made his appearance and did his counte drunker
estrance, and as he staggered across the stage the curtain at length haltingly descended. It appeared that the
prompter had been threat-ened with a hamming by as
olg brother, who playes. Eccles, if he let the curtain down
before the inter had gone torough his amplified drunken
eet, and Eccles was in his dressing-room and knew
nothing of our mustean difficatly. Well, we were all
orreken up, Esther, the manageress, got mad and made a
speech to the autience, telling them she was shannefully
treated, and all the money had to be returned. We all
quarreiled among ourselves and came straight book
bone. How about the receipts I Well, we nearly cleared
our rail way fares the first signt."

THE MAN WITH A VOW.

From The Detroit Free Press.

They met on the crowded avenue yesterday in front of the City Hail. One was a young man of about twenty-two—the other about sixty years oid. Ose lives in the northern part of the State, the other is the southern. Fate had brought them together. There was nothing cordini in the meeting. They didn't cry out: Patt it har i" and pump-handle each other like a couple of old friends. On the contrary, the young man gree red in the face and breathed hard and summered out:

in the face and breathed hard and summered out:
"Ten years age I went to school to you."
"Yes, you did," was the calla reply.
"And one day you licked me almost to death for an offence committed by another boy."

"And one any you another boy."

"Well, you were always in need of a heking."

"And I swore," continued the young man, "Aye! I registered a solemn yow that if I ever met you after I had grown up I would have my revenge! Prepare to be pounded to a liteless mass."

penuiced to a liteless mass."

"I'm prepared." replied the old schoolmaster, as he spit on his hands, and in a minute the fou was rading. The young man trished upon him with a war-whoog but his nose struck something and he fell down. He got up and rushed again, and this time he was flung down, rolled over, stepped on and left with a number of loose teeth and a spiriting headache. The police took him in, but when they came to fund for the old man he was across the street trying to pin up a rent in his coat and saying to some of his friends:

"All it brings buck all the memories of the old red school houses to get my hands on an unruly pupil in the first reader class again." red the old sch

school houses to get my first reader class again? JOHN SMITH AND THOMAS BROWN.

From a Madrid Letter in The Lendon Standard.

I had been out all the morning, reveiling in the artistic treasures of the Musec der Frade, when, on my return to my quarters in the Calle Alcala, I was met on entering by the whole assembled household in a state of the greatest excitement. "On Don Lagos," said my landlady, "the empleado of the Telegraphs nabeen here two or three times since you went out, with a papie which be would only deliver Jersonally to your Worship, although we showed him your laqueled de raise, with your name printed on it, to assure aim that you really did live here. He told us that it was of the utmost importance, and that he anould return again and see your Worship.

Of course I was in much anxiety respecting this to me in Spain, unwonted occurrence. What could have apparend! Was my non-se borned down! Was there deals in the family! A violent ringing at the outer bell was heard; in rushed to my room the excited Doha Dolores. "Here he is come back again." Iboited ont, and met the bearer of the book of tate. Now would the myster be cleared up. He seemed to rejuce to get hold of me at last, and pat, with an air of triumph, into my hand the tree gram—Don Tomas frown! Not fer me at all. "My name is John Smith; do you not understand, non intended Usted!" "Oh, yee, perfectly. I saw your visiting east the name is identical." "Perdon Usted, they are as different as sun and moon; observe, Brown-Smith." "Well, I cannot see ut; they appear to me the same back again." Boited with that papele del Demonlo. Now do take it and relieve one of it. What difference can it possibly make? You are both Englishm u, and then I have been rusaing all over Madrid the whole morning with that papele del Demonlo. Now do take it and relieve one of it. What difference can it possibly make? You are both Englishm u, and then I have been rusaing all over Madrid the whole morning with that papele del Demonlo. Now do take it and relieve one of it.

A STORY ABOUT SENATOR WILLIAMS.

A STORY ABOUT SENATOR WILLIAMS.

Lexiagton, Ky., Letter to The Philadelphia Times.
Old Cerro Gordo Williams is the handsomest men of his years in Kentucky, rot excepting General within the court of susceptible Isabella. William is six teet two inches, with grizzled-iron mustache and curied wig, piercing gray eyes, the frame of a glant and a voice of inches, with grizzled-iron mustache and curied wig, piercing gray eyes, the frame of a glant and a voice of inches, with grizzled-iron mustaches and curied wig, piercing gray eyes, the frame of a glant and a voice of inches, with gray and the hard as a peacock. While the hand of the courty expected. Williams was taken for the Emperor. Nicholas was aligned at a village where the Emperor Nicholas was title by galiantry before the waits of Corro Gordo, a captain in Scott's army, and he has maintained his fame for prowess by many personal encounters since, is all of which he handled himself well. He affects the quality with some friends in an upper room at the town hot of the admirers stambled across "Buck" Combs, wish had been bugler in Williams's regiment during the war. They had not met since. Combs got his bugle and, accompanied by an immense crowd, went down to stage starting to this time of mist and what is the driver tootin's of ded anneh about f"

"Why, Senator," explained his friend, regretrally, "Why, Senator," explained his friend, regretrally, "Why, Senator," explained his friend, regretrally, "The old General stopped out of the window an the large my sk of "That bugle call, my friends, is like a dear echo of under the bug want as speech."

The old General stopped out of the window an the large my sk of "That bugle call, my friends, is like a dear echo of under the window of the same busing the third of a pathless wilderness, I would have known in the of a pathless wilderness, I would have known in the first that bugle call, my friends, is like a dear echo of under the wilderness, I would have known in the thirll of violesy. (Cheors, I There is but one busin